THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Did you ever meet a robber, with a pistol and a

Whose prompt and cordial greeting was, "Your money or your life;"
Who, while you stood a-trembling, with your

hands above your head. Took your gold, most grimly offering to repay you in cold lead?

Well, I once met a robber: I was going home

The way was rather lonely, though not yet toe That the stardy rogue who stopped me there was very fully armed—

But I'm houest in maintaining that I didn't feel alarmed.

He was panting hard from running, so I, being still undaysted.

Very boldly faced the rascal and demanded what he wanted: I was quite as big as he was, and I was not out

So I didn't fear his shooting me, or stabbing me to death.

In answer to my question the highwayman raised an arm And pointed it straight at me-though I still

felt no alarm; He did not ask for money, but what he said was

"You can not pass, Papa, unless you give your boy a kiss!"

-Allen G. Bigelow, in St. Nicholas.

MISTAKEN CHARITY.

▲ Small Story With Quite a Large Moral.

"I call it extravagance," said Mrs Mopley, with some heat. "Mrs. Darrow is well able to bake her own cake and do her own mending, yet she hires Mrs. Tate by the day to mend stockings and do such light work for her, and pays her seventy-five cents apiece, or fifty cents, or even a dollar, as the case may be, for cakes. I call it sheer extravagance, for Mrs. Darrow's none too well off."

"Mrs. Darrow works hard, though, put in little Miss Vest, mildly.

"Ye-es, I know, she always seems to be busy," admitted Mrs. Mopley. "But she seems to be embroidering a great deal."

"I have heard that she sells her work in the city, and gets a large price

"H-m," said Mrs. Mopley, doubtfully, "the market for fancy work is dreadfully overcrowded, I understand. I should hardly think anybody so far away as Red Wing would stand much of a chance of selling things."

"But I understand that Mrs. Darrow is what they call an expert."

"At any rate, I would manage in some way to do my own baking and mending. I call it shiftless not to."

Mrs. Mopley spoke severely, and as the richest woman in Red Wing, a small town situated not so far west as its name might indicate, she felt that her influence should be given strongly against shiftlessness.

"But," went on Miss Vest, who was oses, on Mrs. Mopley, "I must subscription for the home mission-

"I will do so gladly," said Mrs. Mopley, who was proud of her "charitable" disposition. "Let me see. How much did I give last year? I think it was ten dollars."

So Mrs. Mopley put down ten dol-lars, and little Miss Vest moved on. It was perhaps an hour later that a shabby, but respectable-looking, woman rang Mrs. Mopley's bell, and was shown into her parlor by the one house-servant that Mrs. Monley kept. It was the height of luxury in Red

"Good morning, Mrs. Tate," said Mrs. Mopley, rather reservedly, as she entered the parlor. "I hope your husband is better."

Wing to keep one house-servant and a

coachman-Mrs. Mopley's "establish-

Mrs. Tate and Mrs. Mopley had been to school together, but that was a long time ago, too long for the friendly old relations to last really. and they had not seen each other often of late years.

"No, he is not," began Mrs. Tate, her voice trembling a little. "We had saved up a little something, besides paying for our house, but this long illness has used up every thing we had. I have sewed a good deal, Mrs. Darrow very kindly employs me for one day each week, and I could do even more than that, if there was anybody else to employ me. Then, you know, I have paid a good deal of attention to cooking, and if you want any thing done in that line, I wish you would let me try to do it."

Mrs. Tate's voice had grown firm before she finished. She had thought the matter over so much that she had hoped to get through without an instant's wavering.

"I'm not one of the extravagant kind, you know, Mrs. Tate," said Mrs. Mopley, somewhat coldly. "But I

can not see an old friend suffer." She drew her purse from her pocket.

Mrs. Tate rose with dignity.
"I do not ask for charity," she said.

"I merely wish for work." "But I can not afford to put out my work," msisted Mrs. Mopley.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Tate. "I do not wish for any thing but work." "I-I wish you would take this five-dollar bill, really," stammered Mrs.

"I need it badly enough, Heaven nows!" exclaimed Mrs. Tate, with a arst of tears, which she could not But I can not take it without sturning something for it. Why sould it cost you any more, if I should give you five dollars' worth of work or it than if I gave nothing at all? Is treer charity to give the poor

work that to give them money, and so take away their self-respect?"

Mrs. Mopley stood irresolute, holding the tive-dollar bill in her hand.

"I-I don't know but you are right, Esther," she said, her friend's heartbroken eloquence leveling for the time the barriers between them. "I have been trying to do something for you for a good while. I thought I would send you a basket of things"-

"But I am well and strong," interrupted Mrs. Tate. "My children are old enough to take care of themselves. and to go to school alone. All that I want is work. I am a fair seamstress and a good cook. There are my baked beans, my fishballs, my crullers, and different sorts of cake and pies. I think could suit you with any of them."

"You may send me up some fishballs and baked beans every Saturday afternoon, Esther," said Mrs. Mopley. hastily. And as though she was afraid her resolution would give out before she finished speaking: "And I have promised to contribute two cakes to the sociable to-morrow evening. Make me two of your nicest, please. And I have a silk dress I am just ripping and sponging for a comfortable. You might do that if you like; I'll send it down to your house. But I can't help feeling as though this were rather foolish for me who am so well able to do it all myself."

"I don't want to urge you to extravagance," said Mrs. Tate, rising and looking harassed and nervous.

"No, no," exclaimed Mrs. Mopley, seizing her hands, impulsively. "I am sure you are right. I believe I have had some vain and silly notions about 'charity' and helping others. I am always complaining that I have no time to read, nor to practice my music, nor to entertain my friends. I have done too much of this work which others might do, and which would help them -and then I have given money and thought I was doing all I ought. But you have said just the right thing to me. I shall know better how to help people after this."

"You see, what we poor people want is work, and that is better for every body than just the money, don't you see that it is?" said Mrs. Tate, her worn, anxious face lighting up with her earnestness.

"I am sure of it," answered Mrs. Mopley. - Kate U. Clark., in Congregationalist.

SINGING SANDS.

Musical Sounds Produced by the Gurgling Waters of an Underground Stream. In one of the South Pacific islands are some wonderful singing sands. These sands are in a small desert. In the center of the desert are about a dozen cocoanut trees, and about five miles distant is the ocean. Ka Pule, a native guide, and myself reached the making a morning call, for business trees about noon. Our horses as well as ourselves were about used up, travnot forget that I want you to head the eling through the deep sand under a blazing sun. As we lay stretched out at the roots of the towering cocoanuts, the trade winds set in, cool and refreshing, from the ocean. Notwithstanding the heat and our wearied condition, there was an enchantment about the situation that caused me to think of the beautiful stories I had read in my childhood. I began to feel the soft touch of slumber, and all at once I heard a soft musical tinkling, as if troops of fairies were coming to greet us as they used to do the enchanted princes in the olden days. I tried to locate the melodious sounds. In all directions there was nothing but hot, glowing sand. I looked up—there was nothing but the beautiful tropical sky and the tremulous atmosphere. Still louder sounded the music; it was all around us; it filled the air. I gazed toward the ocean, and there, apparently a short distance away, was a beautiful lake, with its waves dashing upon moss-covered stones. It was not there when we first arrived at the place, and I became half convinced that it was the work of enchantment. Ka Pule had fallen asleep, and, gazing at the lake and listening to the music in the air, I rested my head against the rough bark of a tree. As I did so I heard the distant gurgle of a brook. I could plainly hear the water splashing over the glistening stones and dying away in quiet eddies. I was more and more bewildered, and at length awoke Ka Pule. I told him what I had heard, and directed his attention to the lake. He explained that the seeming lake was a wailiula or mirage; that the sound of gurgling waters came from an underground stream, and that the music was caused by the stirring of the flinty sands by the wind. Any way. the whole experience was beautiful, and I have often said that I once made

a visit to fairy land. - Stockton Mail. Joys of the Non-Resident.

"People living over in your country don't seem to have to pay very high taxes," said one Dakota man to an other.

"No, we don't."

on taxes."

"How do you account for it?" "There is a whole lot of land owned by Eastern speculators, and when the assessor comes to any of it he acts just as if he thought there was a town staked out on every quarter section, and when he comes to any of us we sit around and groan about the prospect for poor crops. This lets us down easy

"But isn't there an equalization "Oh, yes, but 'taint no new thingwe make allowance for it."-Dakota

MEXICAN FLOWER SHOWS.

Unique Gatherings Made Brilliant by the Presence of Charming Women.

All types of Spanish and Mexican beauty tilled the little plaza of Mixeoac that Sunday forenoon. There were the flashing eyes of Castile, the large, liquid, melancholy eyes of the Moors set in the true Moorish faces, and the gray or blue eyes of the Germanic conquerors of the Iberian peninsula. There was a tall, slender girl, in a neat brown toilet, with eyes that seemed to magnetize her admirers-eyes dark and lustrous, which were not used with artfulness, but were, by nature and without art, of the sort that make of these susceptible male Latins slaves and serfs. One superb woman might have been taken for a goddess of Mexican liberty. She was of a blonde type, but with dark eyes; erect, sympathetic in the Spanish and Italian sense, of noble proportions, fit for the canvas of a Titian. There were so many handsome women and girls on the grounds that the men who had come to see the flower show quite forgot the wonders of vegetation and gave themselves up to admiration of nature's masterpiece. Mexico might make of her finest women an exhibit that would conquer the hearts of civilized men and bring half of Europe here to find its fate. A feature of the exhibition, and tolerated with true Southern carelessness, was the gambling, There were roulette tables in full swing, card games, and last, but not a bit the least, the three-card monte men. All these people and their apparatus were kept outside the low wall of the plaza. It was very funny to watch the monte sharps, who were each accompanied by one or two confederates, who, affecting indifference, would saunter up and win from one to five dollars with entire equanimity. But all these gamblers had the hard-set mouth, the deep, drooping lines over the lips that mark the man who lives by games of chance. The monte operators had blankets of gaudy hue which they sat upon, manipulating the cards with great rapidity, and calling off incessantly:

Blanco! Blanco! tantas vueltas! tantas vueltas!" etc., till one was quite deafened. One chap had a confederate who assumed the role of a nurse girl. She was modestly dressed in a cotton frock, and a neat cotton rebozo covered head and shoulders. She was the picture of girlish innocence, and, when she first staked her big silver dollar on the card she had selected I thought her a sort of foolish maiden who was being entrapped by guileful man. She won, and then tried again and won once more. Some people, tempted by her luck, tried their hand-and lost! Soon the monte sharp had shifted his blanket to annocent damsel dressed as a nursemaid in the service of a good family. As often as the monte man took a new place so often was to be found the nurse girl, and how artlessly she won her dollars, which afterwards she slying gave back to her partner. Many soldiers played at roulette, some winning and some losing. The faces of big-eyed little boys watching the roll ing of the ball were a study. The police stood about idly, never interfering with the busy gamblers, but ready to see that no one robbed the piles of silver lying on blankets on the ground or on red colored tables in the open air or under tents. People lost and won, and generally lost. No one complained to the police, and no one exulted over his luck or demoaned his loss. The best people did not gamble, though one handsome man, with his wife on his arm, felt her tug at his sleeve to take him away from a particularly good chance to pick up a monte man's pile. - Mexico Cor. Bos

"Colorado! Colorado! Colorado!

Inclined to Be Prudent.

"How are you getting along on your banjo, Tompkinson?" asked a traveler of one of the clerks in the store.

"Very well. How are you doing?" "First rate. The professor said the other day that I would soon play as well as he could. Say, I've got a

cheme." "What is it?"

ton Herald.

"Suppose we take the banjos and and go round and serenade your girl some evening." "I-er-really, I think I'd rather

"Why? Don't she like music?" "Yes. But you see her father don't like me very well as it is."

A Long-Felt Want Supplied.

The city authorities in Paris have just tested an Austrian invention for automatically lowering coffins into graves without ropes. A coffin was placed on a kind of rectangular platform, and surrounded with funeral drapery, which concealed the grave. When a spring was pressed the platform, with its lugubrious burden, descended slowly into the earth. The price of the apparatus is four hundred dollars, and the inventer states that it is used in Vienna and Milan, the rate payable being six francs for each burial. The Prefecture of the Seine has asked for some modifications in the machinery before taking it into use.-N. Y. Post.

-Rice-straws, woven into shoes, are worn on the feet of Chinamen. Rycstraws, inserted into juleps, are worn in the mouths of Americans.

Energy In Texas.

Texas Man-You must not expect the same amount of energy in Texas asyou have in Nebraska. Remember that Texas is in a very warm climate and people are obliged to move slowly.

Omaha man-I have been there and I have seen Texas men move across a room faster than they ever do in Nebraska.

"Eh! Was there an earthquake going on?"

No. the crowd had been invited up to drink."—Omaha World.

Not Used to Being in Soak.

In the country:

Pater Families (who has missed the train)-I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch. I think it must want clean-

Pet child-O, no, papa, dear. I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning-Town Topics.

An Enthusiast.

Wayback man-All this talk about benefits of high license is nonsense. What I want to see in Nebraska is prohibition.

Omaha man-It can't be enforced. "No matter, I'll never rest until we get prohibition."

"Are you a temperance orator?" Well, no. I keep the only drug store at Rum Crossing.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill. says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by all druggists.

Take care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, or serious blood poison may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how other place. I followed him and there poisonous such matter is. The only found, trying her hand again, that in safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator.

The small-fry boomers have done nothing yet that should cause Mr. Blaine to shorten his European trip. The magnetic statesman dancing the Highland fling on the Scottish green is far more formidable than John Sherman doing the bloody shirt act before an Ohio audience.-Post Dispatch.

Charleston, S. C., September 7.—A review of the earthquake work will show in the past year over 6,000 buildings have been rebuilt and repaired, and that 271 absolutely new buildings have been erected. The whole cost is \$4,300,000, of which Charleston spent at least \$3,000,000.

Capital and Labor.

When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his best girl, that's capital. But when he has to stay in evenings after they are married, that's labor.-The

A Washington correspondent says: "President Cleveland is a hearty laugher." Cleveland is all right, after all. A man who laughs heartily can be trusted anywhere.-Omaha

Benjamin Butler wants all of the soldiers pensioned, those of the south as well as those of the north. The general is nothing if not generous and magnanimous.

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado. has been a fortunate man. He has taken more than \$12,000,000 out of the mines of the Rocky mountains.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless and will ettect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. It never fails. The sys tem once impregnated with the Specific it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For tull particulars, address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185

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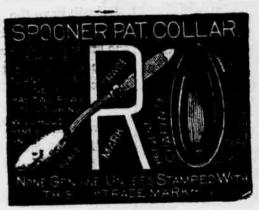
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